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# Saule pleureure



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## Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

Alone she stands  
Her figure tall and graceful  
Swaying in the soft breeze  
On top of the lonely hill  
She weeps day and night  
As the wind brushed through the tangle of branches  
The leafs whispered to the breeze the loneliness  
She felt as she stood alone  
All hours of the day  
All hours of the night  
The lush leaves  
Hung wearily toward the ground  
No longer was she the eye-catching beauty  
That she once had been  
No longer was she quite as enchanting or noticeable  
As she had once been

She was once a much-beautiful beauty

She was striking and more than a match for any man

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For those able to look past her

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That she had nothing to do with

Her weeping leaves, her broken column

Rather to be used for practical uses  
And still, she stood on the empty hill  
Alone  
Fading away

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